

A CORRECT COUNT.

The System in Use on the Coney Island Ferryboats.

A Record in Duplicate of All the Passengers That Get Aboard—A System That Is Nearly Perfect.

[New York Tribune.]

Two men were chatting on the upper deck of one of the iron steamboats the other afternoon. The boat was nearing Coney Island, and already the swarthy Italians who make what they term, with grim sarcasm music, were counting the reluctant change extracted from the tortured hearers. The boat was crowded, and their harvest probably was a fair one, for their white teeth shone as they grinned with delight. The two friends, who were lazily discussing men and manners in the shelter of the smokestack, had just turned their conversation to the crowd on board, when a short, thick-set man, with keen eyes and a good-humored expression and a fair beard, paused to listen.

"How many are there on board?" queried the elder of the two friends.

"Well, a great many too many. I believe they overcrowd these boats shamefully. I believe the law only allows them to carry about 2,000, and there must be nearly twice as many on this boat."

"Well, that's coming it rather too strong," said his friend. "I guess 2,500 would be nearer the mark."

"I bet there are at least 3,000," answered his friend, "and this is the last time I trust myself to an overcrowded boat like this."

"You are both wrong, gentlemen," remarked the quiet man with the fair beard. "There are not 1,500 on board."

"Nonsense," said the first speaker. "I'll bet you \$50 there are fully 3,000."

"Well, I won't bet," said the quiet man, "for I happen to know. Come with me and I will show you something."

The two friends followed the quiet man to the shore side of the boat, for by this time the mooring ropes were fast and the gangway about to be lowered.

"You see that man on the landing of the pier," said the quiet man. "Well, notice the movement of his hand as the people begin to pour out of the boat."

The friends looked, and the keen-eyed one noticed as the people rushed over the gang-plank an almost imperceptible movement of the thumb of the right hand, the hand being shut tightly around some object concealed in it. The people poured out in a denser stream, and the movement of the thumb grew correspondingly faster.

"Now look at that man just below you," said the quiet man.

Another blue-coated person was seen standing at the side of the gangway duplicating the movements of the man on the pier.

"Wait a bit," said the quiet man in answer to the questioning glances of the two friends. The last passenger left the boat and the gangway was clear. "Come up here," called the quiet man to the man on the pier, who instantly obeyed the summons and was soon alongside the trio on the upper deck. "Good day, Mr. Loew," said he. "Good day, Jim," answered Mr. Loew. "How many on this trip?"

"Fourteen twenty-nine," answered the man. "Come up here, Jack," shouted Mr. Loew to the man on board near the gangway. "How many on this trip?" he asked, when the man appeared. "Fourteen twenty-five, sir," was the answer. "There, gentleman," said Mr. Loew, triumphantly. "This boat has either 1,425 or 1,429 passengers on board. These men have each a patent index worked by the pressure of the thumb, and by this means they check the number of the passengers on every boat. As soon as we get on shore, to satisfy you further, I will telegraph to pier No. 1, North river, and learn from there how many were counted in the same manner entering the boat and how many got on at Twenty-third street. I shall also learn how many tickets were sold and how many passes were shown with the names of the holders on them."

A few minutes sufficed to prove the truth of this. A telegraph instrument on the pier ticked out the statement: "Number of passengers, 1,428; passes, 6; boat left Twenty-third street, 3:32; pier No. 1, 4:01."

"I think I'll always travel on these boats, after all," said the elder of the two friends.

"My system is pretty perfect," said Mr. Loew. "All my piers, including that at Long Branch, are connected. Wherever I am I know just what is going on all over my routes. I can tell whether a rough sea at the Branch will prevent a landing. I can tell whether the crowd is so great that an extra boat is needed at any pier, and so on. It has taken much time to perfect this system, but I think it is almost perfect now."

The Spider is a Fool.

[Louisville Courier Journal.] A good deal of nonsense is written about the sagacity of the spider. The spider is not sagacious. At night it will crawl into the tea-kettle, make its web just above the spout hole and wait for flies. In the morning, when the kettle begins to get hot, it loses its presence of mind, runs to the outside of the kettle, then down to the stove, and is astonished to find that the stove is still hotter than the kettle. Unless a friendly hand brushes it off, it perishes miserably. A very little observation, with a small allowance of sagacity, would be a great help to spiders.

Restoring the Drowned.

How long after apparent death by drowning resuscitation can be successful is a matter of considerable uncertainty. Dr. Richardson thinks that up to twenty minutes of apparent death the patient can be brought to life, and Taylor records a case where resuscitation began to be feebly established after eight and a half hours.

Looking Into Empty Muzzles.

[Detroit Free Press.]

On the way down from Natchez to New Orleans the boat rounded to at a landing on the Louisiana shore to take on a lot of cottonseed. She had just made fast, and the mate had stepped ashore to "hustle them niggers," when a middle-aged man, closely resembling the typical southerner, suddenly stepped out from behind the sacks, presented a revolver within a foot of the mate's face and cried out:

"Throw up your hands or you are a dead man!"

There were fifty of us with our eyes on the two men, and we held our breath as the mate slowly raised his arms above his head. He didn't change color in the slightest, and those who took in the details noticed that he chewed away at his plug tobacco with the same regular motion—neither faster nor slower.

"Now, then, down on your knees and beg my pardon, or I'll send a bullet into your eye!"

The mate's legs wobbled, bent, and down he sank and remarked that he was sorry if he had offended the other.

"All right," growled the man with the pistol as he shoved it into his hip pocket. "After this you be a little more careful whom you fling your impudence at."

As he turned away the mate made a dive with his right hand, and up came a derringer, out shot his arm, and in a voice of thunder the mate cried:

"Halt! Throw up your arms! Down on your knees or I'll blow your brains all over this plantation!"

The tables were turned. Up went the arms, and after a few seconds the man went down on his knees and said he had the highest respect for the mate's moral worth. When he rose up the captain and other had reached the pair, and in ten seconds more they were disarmed.

"Close call that!" said one of the passengers as the captain handed the weapons to the clerk to keep until the boat was ready to leave.

"Humph! Neither one of 'em loaded!" replied the old man.

Such was the actual fact. Two empty and harmless weapons had humbled two men who meant shoot.

Things That Don't Seem Right.

[Burdette in The Hawkeye.]

Sometimes, when the clouds are dull and the wind is in the east, when the grade is heavy, the steam is low and the sand box empty, it does seem as though this old world had slipped an eccentric and was only working one side. The wicked man flourishes like a green bay tree, while his honest neighbor gets whipsawed every deal.

There are fifty-three authors of "Beautiful Snow," and not one for the "Bread Winners." In Philadelphia one manufactory makes nothing but century-old "grandfather's" clocks, and furnishes pedigrees for the same to the purchaser, until to own a tall, antique clock is proof possible that your family began only with your father. In Chicago they make violins that look 100 years older than the most genuine Stradivarius four weeks after they are made, so that now an ancient, honest-looking decrepit violin is prima facie evidence of glaring and outrageous fraud.

"Old Subscriber" is usually a man who borrows the paper from a neighbor or reads the copy pasted up on the bulletin board; "Constant Reader," who never reads anything in his life save the pictures on a circus poster, and "Tax Payer" is the signature of a tramp. A struggling genius writes a poem with a soul of fire that lives forever and a day and dies in tears and loneliness and poverty in a hall bed-room, fifth floor back.

De Long laid down his life for science when his sun had reached its meridian, while the man who can write forty-nine chapters in the Bible on one side of a postal card will probably live to the age of 93.

So it is. Man goeth to the skating rink with joy in his heart and mirth on his lips, and he cometh away with his back so full of pine slivers that the porcupine sayeth unto him, "Thou art my brother," and the hedgehog crieth after him, "Behold my father and mother."

Gad's Hill.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Gad's Hill, Dickens' old residence at Higham, by Rochester in Kent, is to let, and it is not likely that it will again be the residence of any of his family. From the time when he was a little boy he had cherished the dream of possessing it, and this was realized in his manhood, the last fifteen or sixteen years of his life being spent there, surrounded by all the conditions of prosperity which he had so well earned, but in this time he suffered much from increasing ill health and domestic afflictions. It came to him out of the hands of strangers, and it will doubtless in time go back into the like possession, but something of him will always haunt about it, inclining thither many pilgrim footsteps near and far.

To the inscription which he fixed upon its walls, "This house, Gad's Hill place, stands on the summit of Shakespeare's Gad's hill, ever memorable for its association with Sir John Falstaff in his noble fancy. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning by 4 o'clock early at Gad's hill; there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizors for you all. You have horses for yourselves."—another might be added setting forth that here for almost twenty years lived, and here were written his later books, and here died Charles Dickens, the most widely read and most cordially and ardently beloved writer of novels whom England has ever known. Memories of the real Dickens with those of the visionary Falstaff will indeed pervade the old habitation, no matter who tenants it or into whose possession it goes.

Unmistakable Coolness.

[Troy Times.]

"There is a coolness between that young couple," said Boggs, as he saw one plate of cream and two spoons.

The Birthday Reception.

The reception held by His Majesty the King last evening was a brilliant affair. The Government officials and Ministers were first received, and then the Foreign Representatives and Consular corps. The members of the Cabinet and Foreign Representatives remained to assist in the reception of the general public, who paid their respects to the King in large numbers, up to 10 o'clock p. m.

The Palace was handsomely illuminated, and the band played many fine airs. As yesterday was a holiday, it is not practicable to give an extended report until to-morrow.

A Man Milliner.

A London gentleman of means discovered that he possessed a genius for making bonnets. He has turned his gift to account.

You get an introduction to him, and call at his house. It is a private house, and a servant shows the visitor to the drawing-room. There sits the gentleman of the house, surrounded by a constellation of bonnets. He diagnoses the head, studies the complexion, takes note of the tendency of the nose—whether it be depressed or aspiring—and the character and color of the back hair. These points settled, he hands, not a bonnet, but the bonnet. The visitor may accept or reject, but no one must attempt to modify. If persons buy, he is very courteous, and orders up afternoon tea. If they don't buy, he is equally courteous and equally hospitable.

A Timely Gift.

The teachers and pupils of the Royal School have subscribed the sum of \$21.50 for the relief of J. W. McGuire and his family, who were left destitute by the recent destruction of his house by fire. The following pupils being appointed by the school as a committee, presented on Friday afternoon to Mr. McGuire the sum collected, for which Mr. McGuire expressed his thanks in behalf of his family. The following is a copy of the letter presented:

HONOLULU, H. I., November 14, 1884.

J. W. McGuire, Esq.—Dear Sir: We, the undersigned committee appointed by the pupils of the Royal School, to which your sons formerly belonged, have the pleasure of conveying to you a small sum of money in token of the sympathy felt by both teachers and pupils with you in the great loss you have recently suffered by the burning down of your house.

J. N. K. KEOLA,
J. M. KEA,
S. L. KUKUMANO,
S. K. PUA.

Funeral of the Late Mr. L. R. Patten.

At about half-past three Thursday afternoon the members of Masonic Lodge Le Progres assembled at their usual place of meeting, and after the customary preparatory ceremonies of the order, formed in line, together with the members of the Order of Knights of Pythias. The coffin, which was of oak wood, and handsomely mounted, was placed in a glass-paneled hearse, drawn by four white horses. Both Ford and Nunnun streets were so thickly lined with people that Mr. James Dodd, of the Masonic Order, who officiated as Master of the Ceremonies, had some difficulty in keeping the crowd back in order to allow the carriages to form in line. The band, which was thoughtfully provided by the Knights of Pythias, headed the procession, playing the "Dead March in Saul," followed by the Knights of Pythias, the Masons, hearse, on each side of which were three pall-bearers, two being chosen from Oahu Lodge No. 1, two from Mystic Lodge No. 2, and two from the Masonic Lodge. Following the hearse were the carriages containing the numerous friends of the deceased, forming a line over half a mile in length. In the front carriage were Messrs. Henry Waterhouse, J. H. Paty and M. Dickson, followed by Consul McKinley, A. J. Cartwright and also by many friends of the deceased. The staves of Mr. J. T. Waterhouse, in whose employ the deceased has been for a number of years, were closed out of respect.

On arriving at the cemetery, the coffin was placed in an outer coating of plain wood, which friends of the departed covered with most beautiful wreaths. The Masons then formed a circle round the open grave, brother Frank Higgins acting as Grand Master. After the usual Masonic formula had been gone through, the Knights of Pythias passed round the grave, each throwing in a sprig of myrtle, symbolic emblem of their Order, of which the deceased was a charter member. Brother Dayton, who is the Past Grand Master, then closed the ceremonies, and the many who had paid their last tribute to the dead, departed with heavy hearts for the loss of a near and dear friend.

"Among the selections most beautifully rendered by the band were: 'Nearer my God to Thee,' 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' 'Sweet Bye-and-bye,' and the 'Hawaiian Funeral Dirge.'

The late Mr. L. R. Patten was a member of the following Orders: Lodge Le Progres, Mystic Lodge No. 2, Knights of Pythias, and the Improved Order of Redmen; from the

Shooting Match at the Casino.

On Friday afternoon, about thirty people met at the rifle ranges, close to the Casino, to witness a shooting match for a \$100 cup, between W. Unger and C. B. Wilson on one side, and F. J. Higgins and H. Wilson on the other. Mr. C. B. Wilson used a Winchester, the other gentlemen using the Springfield rifles. The day was an exceptionally fine one for the match, the wind being light, and the sun not too glaring. The match, which was well contested, was finally one by Messrs W. Unger and C. B. Wilson.

The following is the score:

C. B. Wilson	40 39 40 38—157
W. Unger	36 39 37 41—153

Making a total of 310

F. J. Higgins	35 37 34 32—138
H. Wilson	36 36 33 40—144

Making a total of 282

Messrs. Unger and C. B. Wilson winning by 27 points, the highest individual score being that of Mr. C. B. Wilson, 157 out of a possible 200.

Mr. C. J. Fishel acted as scorer for the match.

Another Burglary.

About 2 o'clock on Saturday morning the Union Saloon was entered by a former employee of that establishment and the safe was robbed of \$640. The burglar was known as "Joe," and has been in Mr. Cunha's employ for the past 10 years. He was admitted to the premises by an accomplice, who sleeps through the cellar door, which had been purposely left open the day previous. Passing through the cellar and up a stair-case, admission was gained to the bar-room, where the safe is kept. The thieves knew where the key was kept, and had, therefore, no difficulty in opening the safe. All the money (\$640) was abstracted, and the key replaced in the usual place. On Mr. Cunha opening the safe on Saturday morning, he found it cleaned out. He at once suspected Joe and his accomplice. The latter confessed the crime, and Joe was arrested shortly afterwards. A search was instituted at Joe's house, and about \$600 of the money was recovered. He will be brought up for trial to-morrow morning.

The "Planters' Monthly."

The *Planters' Monthly* for November comes to us a little delayed in the publication, but filled with matter of interest to the planter, general agriculturist and business man. The editor gracefully acknowledges his indebtedness to the reports of the local papers published in Honolulu, especially the P. C. ADVERTISER, for fuller reports of some of the remarks made by speakers at the late meeting of the Planter's Labor and Supply Company than were recorded in the minutes of the company.

The reports of the various committees on subjects connected with sugar planting are, as a rule, full and instructive, and from their general tenor, it is apparent that the remark made by one of the members to the effect that the *Planters' Labor and Supply Co.* had become more of an agricultural association than a company for obtaining or supplying labor, was to the point. It is evident that progress is being made in economy in the producing and manufacture of sugar, and hopes are entertained that a further reduction in both particulars will be speedily brought about and cane sugar be furnished as cheaply as that from beet.

A Disappointment.

"Useful information filtered through the intellectual density of our incomparable contemporaries, would be more than the community could stand."

The writer of the above paragraph, which appeared in the editorial columns of a local sheet last Saturday, is evidently spoiling for a fight. But he won't get it for after consultation the three incomparables referred to found they could not agree upon any concerted plan of attack, and each felt that, alone he was no match for the offending one.

One said he had already a Bullet-in that gave him a great deal of trouble, and he didn't want another. The next said he would advise the first speaker to fill up with "Extract of Exchanges." Doing so had helped him in his daily work. As for joining in any fight he did not see how he could do so single handed, and upon its being explained to him that the others proposed to help him, he said he had been misunderstood. In saying "single-handed" he did not mean that he thought he would be alone in the contest, but that as he had constant employment for one hand, he did not think he could save his bacon with the other.

The third said that if he was permitted to wrap himself in his blanket sheet he was confident its dullness would turn the edge of any weapon; but it was ruled that none of the would-be combatants should be permitted to lose their personality in any way.

So the conference broke up and the offending writer can wander around unscratched as he murmurs:

Alterum alterius auxilium eget. As for the fourth newspaper published here, its withers

LOCAL AND GENERAL

By the Mariposa there was dispatched 4767 letters and 1753 newspapers.

His Lordship the Bishop of Honolulu left last Wednesday for Maalaea by the S.S.W. G. Hall.

Associate Justice McCully returned Saturday in the Kinan from Waimea, having finished the work of the term.

We regret to learn of the death Tuesday of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill, at their residence, Palama.

A large key with a piece of string attached to it, was found on the Esplanade yesterday. The owner may recover it by calling at the Police Station.

The band played at Emma Square on Saturday afternoon; the new selections attracting a large number of people, in spite of the inclement weather.

Waller has opened another butcher shop on the corner of Punchbowl and King street, which will be a great convenience to housekeepers in that vicinity.

His Majesty was pleased yesterday morning to name the son of D. Dayton, the Deputy Marshal, David Kalakaua.

A meeting will be held to-night at the Hawaiian Hotel for the purpose of presenting the successful competitor of yesterday's foot-race, with a testimonial in honor of his victory.

On Saturday evening the Bell Tower on Union street was beautifully lighted up with many colored lamps, in honor of His Majesty's birthday. The Tower presented a very pretty appearance, and was universally admired.

The pumps of the People's Ice Co. are working in fine style and in about three days more there will be a supply of 50 tons of ice on hand. This amount in the future will always be maintained.

A surprise party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. J. Simmins and a few friends, was given on Thursday evening to Captain Humphreys of the ship El Dorado, lying at the Pacific Mail wharf. The party, which did not break up till past midnight, passed off very pleasantly, everyone being in high spirits.

Wednesday afternoon, while the W.G. Hall was loading cattle for Kaawaloa, one of the cows caused no small excitement by tearing up Fort street at full speed. It was immediately followed by one of the men in attendance, who, after some trouble, managed to throw a lasso over its head and bring it back to the wharf.

It will doubtless afford the general public satisfaction to know that one of the roads at present under repair is Milliani street; it is to be hoped that the Road Supervisor has carefully studied the grade there, for as many of us know, quite a pool used to form itself at the head of the street referred to, the question now is, whereabouts are the new quarters of the pool going to be.

Messrs. Weller and Halbe, candy manufacturers and confectioners on King street, have just set up their new revolving oven, made by the Union Stove and Machine Works, Leavenworth, U. S. A. The oven is made entirely of galvanized iron, and is perfect in all points. The baking done in this oven is perfection, and as only the best of materials are used in the making of all kinds of pastry, cakes, etc., it is to be expected that parties can be suited with anything in that line they may want by giving their orders to Messrs. Weller and Halbe.

The People's Cyclopaedia is one of those comprehensive works that (as people who write to proprietors of patent medicines say) if another copy couldn't be bought we would not part with it for ten times its cost. It contains as much as Webster's Dictionary Unabridged, does, and a great deal more; and the information to be obtained from its perusal is of a kind that no one can do without if they wish to be considered well informed. The volumes are gotten up in a very neat, substantial style, and this office thinks so much of the three portly tomes that all applications for the loan of one or more of them will be promptly met by the curt (and sensible) remark, "Go buy them for yourself."

The S. S. Mariposa left punctually at 12 o'clock Saturday for San Francisco. As the vessel left the wharf, the band struck up "God Save the Queen," in honor of the departure of Theo. H. Davies, Esq., who stood on the deck waving his hat in recognition of the compliment. As the steamer was backing away from the quay, the last message sent on board was by cable, a handkerchief belonging to one of the officers, which had fallen on the wharf, was, after many strenuous efforts to throw it to the owner, attached to the forward hawser, and so restored. A few minutes prior to the departure of the steamer, some consternation was caused by the slipping of the ropes which held the forward end of the steamer to the wharf, and causing the after gangway to slip into the water. One young lady was very much distressed, but was speedily comforted by the assurance that she would not be taken to San Francisco. The accident was quickly remedied, and the Mariposa left the quay with the usual waving of hands and handkerchiefs.